

The Crutch

Gil Scott-Heron

His eyes half-closed revealed his world of nod(?).
a world of lonely men and no love.
no god.
his life of seeming nonchalance can't hide
the pain and fear that in his mind reside.
from dawn till dawn his bodyhouse(?) was hurt and none of us can truly aid his search.
we sit outside and sing cliches, the fool
it's always easy to forecast others doom.
the savage beast that once so soothed his brain,
has reared its ugly head and staked its claim
call Yama
here sits one more soul. that he will have to add the sorrow's total.
these men, still men, would be like you and me.
but when the world reached out, they chose to flee.(the crutch)

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